

# The Mirror

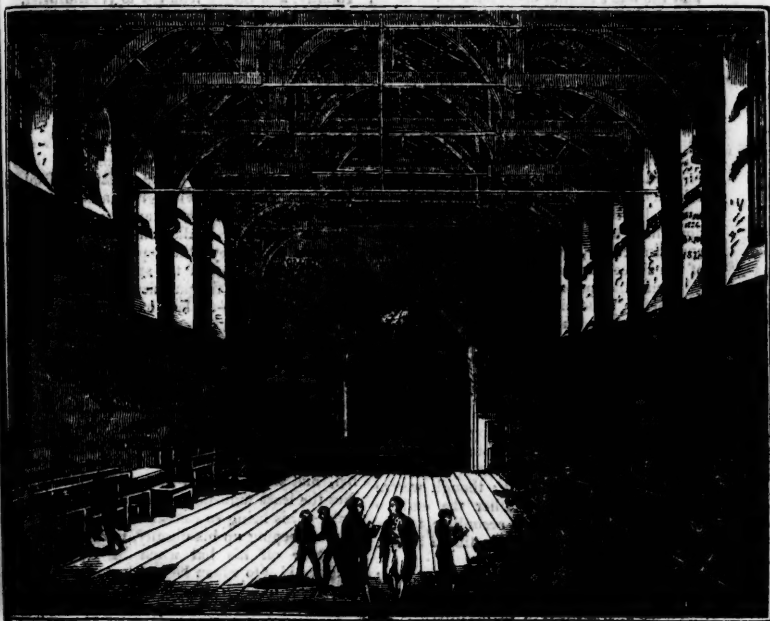
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 659.]

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THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL-ROOM.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL is certainly the first in point of rank in the metropolis, if not in antiquity. It is supposed to have been founded towards the close of the eleventh century, and to have been one of the schools alluded to by Fitzstephen in his account of London in the reign of Henry the Second. The establishment appears, however, to have declined;—since Elizabeth restored or re-founded it in the year 1560, for the education of forty boys, denominated the Queen's scholars, and twelve almsmen. The school-room, represented in the above Engraving, is one of the most ancient portions of the precincts of the Abbey; and its precise situation may be thus gathered from an architectural contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1799:—

At the east end of the south cloister, is an avenue with plain walls, and a single arched headway, running on part of the west

side of a large ancient building, (its extreme length north and south,) consisting of two stories. The basement story serves as an undercroft, arranged into several divisions in length, and two in breadth, decorated with columns, richly sculptured capitals, and semi-circular groined arches. As the work is entirely Saxon, it is considered to be, some of the religious edifices erected here by Edward the Confessor, before the present surrounding walls were raised by Henry III. and the abbots of this church; and the rather, as we are informed by history that Hugolin, steward to Edward, was buried here. The two first divisions northward, and nearly adjoining the Chapter-House, are separated from the others by a wall, wherein formerly were kept the *regalia* of our sovereigns; but now only the standard money is deposited here; which, when there is a new Master of the Mint, is taken out to be carried,

to the Exchequer, for a trial of the Pix. At the east end of the first division is raised a complete altar-table, on two steps, which has been erroneously called the tomb of Hugolin; with a curious piscina on its right side. The room is nearly filled with lockers and chests; and the outer folding doors have seven locks, each lock a different key, and each key a different possessor; so that the seven possessors assemble on the above occasion. The third and fourth divisions of this undercroft serve for offices to one of the dignitaries of the church, and of course, are seen in common: the other divisions are much altered, and are turned into lumber places.

The second story is one entire room, and is used as a school by the Westminster scholars. The upper part of the walls are repaired with brickwork, and modern windows have been inserted; and the roof is an open timber one, appearing as a performance of the sixteenth century.

From the period of its restoration by Elizabeth, Westminster School has been distinguished by the erudition of its masters and the shining talents of their scholars. Camden, the author of *Britannia*, was at one time master, and Ben Jonson one of his scholars. Dryden studied within these monastic walls, and "glorious John," well practised in the art of cutting, has carved his name upon one of the forms—and this autograph, as we shall presently show, is treasured to the present day; though we are not traditionally told whether the embryo court poet was whipped, according to his deserts, by Dr. Busby, for so lasting a breach of discipline.

Camden, "the Pausanias of England," was one of the earliest masters; for we find him appointed second, in 1575, (fifteen years after the restoration of the school,) and head master in 1593; so that Ben Jonson, who was born in 1574, and sent here at an early age, was probably one of Camden's earliest scholars. On the second marriage of Jonson's mother, young Ben was abruptly taken from Westminster by his father-in-law, a bricklayer, and employed as an assistant in that trade. How the inborn poet revolted against his condition, fled from home, entered the army, campaigned in Holland, and then returned to England, where he studied at Cambridge, and was at length encouraged in his first dramatic composition by Shakespeare,—Jonson's biographers amusingly tell. His education, under Camden, at Westminster, must, however, be regarded as laying the foundation, (we speak not with reference to Jonson's hated drudgery of bricklaying) of his future fame.

Yet another, and, in some respects, a greater man, came after Camden, viz. Dr. Busby, of classical memory, who was first scholar and then master of Westminster

School, (the latter upwards of half a century,) and greatly contributed, by his sound erudition, to its reputation. Dryden was one of his earliest scholars; for the Doctor was appointed master in 1646, and Dryden was born in 1631, received his early education in the country, and thence removed to Westminster, which he left four years after Dr. Busby's appointment. Dr. Johnson has the following passages relative to this period:—"From Westminster School, where he (Dryden) was instructed as one of the King's scholars by Dr. Busby, whom he long after continued to reverence, he was, in 1650, elected to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge. Of his school performances has appeared only a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation began by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation. Lord Hastings died of the smallpox, and his poet has made of the pustules, first rosebuds, and then gems—at last exalts them into stars, and says—

"No comet need foretell his change drew on,  
Whose corpse might seem a constellation!"

Dryden's autograph on the form is certainly a more treasurable memorial than this full-blown flattery.

Numerous are the anecdotes related of Busby's severe discipline in laying on the rod, and setting almost impossible exercises. Not the least amusing of his disciplinarian traits is his being so convinced of the necessity of keeping up his dignity, that he would not take off his hat when he conducted Charles II. (to whom he had been faithfully attached,) through the school, observing, that he should never be able to rule the scholars if they thought there was one man in the world greater than himself. Would that Charles himself had sitten under such a master; for he was a sad sapling, and, ultimately, a luxuriant stem of offending Adam. Yet Busby was liberal withal: he was so pleased with any display of juvenile wit, that he would even pardon the exercise of it upon himself; thus becoming, like Falstaff, the source of wit in others. As a literary man, he is known by the books which he published for his school; which prove him to have been an accurate grammarian. He died in 1695, aged 89, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where is a fine monument to him, with an elegantly written Latin inscription, panegyricizing his life, and intimating that whatever fame the school of Westminster boasts, and whatever advantages mankind shall reap from it in times to come, are all principally owing to the wise institutions of this great man. The Doctor is represented in his gown, reclining, and having his eyes

fixed on the inscription. In his right hand he holds a pen, and in his left an open book. This monument is in Poets' Corner, near the entrance to the gate leading towards Henry the Seventh's chapel. It should not be forgotten that Dr. Busby left more substantial memorials than the example of his severe discipline. He founded and attached to the school a museum; enlarged the master's house, and also the Green Coat Hospital in Tothill Fields. He likewise built his prebendal house, (for Charles rewarded Busby's loyalty by making him prebendary of Westminster, at the Restoration,) he paved the Abbey with black and white marble, and did many other acts of public and private generosity, by which his name has been deservedly ennobled.

The high character of Westminster School brought many of the sons of our nobility and gentry to seek their education here. The King's scholars are on the foundation, and are all maintained: while the others pay liberally for their education and board. Each scholar has a black gown annually. In the roll of masters we ought not to omit the late excellent Dr. Vincent, who succeeded to the head mastership in 1771, and, upon his preferment to the deanery of Westminster, was succeeded by Dr. Carey, and the Rev. W. Page, second master; and under the management of these gentlemen, the school has maintained its original eminence.

The Engraving is from an effective lithograph by Mr. G. R. Sargent, of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, and the artist has cleverly introduced a few of the hallowed names inscribed upon the school-room walls. Our brief outline of the foundation cannot, probably, be more appropriately concluded than by a graphic page of the associations of the place with great names; by one whose childhood was passed on its forms, and whose fine and proper feeling will never allow him to enter its portal without respectful reminiscence of the ancient and modern glories of the place, and the master-minds schooled within its walls:

"I passed through the low gateway that leads to Little Dean's Yard, leaving on my left the portal raised by that eminent architect Inigo Jones. Never shall I forget my sensations on first mounting these steps, conducted by the late Rev. Mr. Dodd, whom I esteem for his literary attainments and social virtues; 'I love him, too, with a love of partiality, because he was usher of the fifth form at Westminster.'

"I had previously figured to myself a room moderately capacious, but elegantly furnished—what was my surprise on discovering its vast length, bare wooden forms, and walls disfigured, as I then thought, by names painted in every direction. My opinions, however, on this subject, are now completely changed. I perceive the utter uselessness,

and, in fact, impropriety of gawdy furniture and splendid accommodation in such an establishment; and use has rendered them so familiar, that I would not have the names removed, although the best Genoa velvet were to replace them. It has often, indeed, been a source of proud satisfaction, that my own, over the sixth, will descend to posterity, by the side of those of some of the first men of this country. Who knows, but a century or two hence, some playful urchin, in 'capping names,' may select it to aid his cause, when the humble individual who bore it shall have long since passed away and been forgotten, or (*si stat nominis umbra*) deemed happy in having been contemporary at Westminster with some great poet or statesman. To tread the ground hallowed by the step of Dryden, and learn upon the form where his name, traced by *his own* hand, still remains, which even the thoughtless schoolboy would think sacrilege to efface; to walk in the precincts of a school endowed by the liberality of Elizabeth, and dignified by the learning of a Busby and a Camden, has such a thrilling effect upon my frame, as no other earthly gratification can produce. Nor in my summary of great men, who have presided over or emanated from this place, must I forget to mention Cowper, Lord Mansfield, the illustrious Locke, Barton Booth, the finest actor of his day, and thine, 'O rare Ben Johnson!'

Dryden's autograph is preserved with other relics in the library attached to the school-room, and is thus playfully described by the hand already quoted:

"Amongst the rest was a small piece of wood, which had been treasured up with the most scrupulous attention; it was cased with glass, the edges of which were bound with gold, the lid turned upon threads of the same material, and was profusely ornamented with diamonds. What can this be? thought I; how absurd to throw away so much upon such a trifle. But my surprise was soon dissipated, and my profane murmurs hushed, when, upon examination, I found it to be part of the form at which Dryden had sat, and on which his *autograph* was still legible."

\* The *Literary Lounger*, a periodical work by Westminster Scholars, 1826.

### Retrospective Cleanings.

OSTENTATION.

OWEN FELTHAM says: "Vain glory, at best is but like a window cushion, specious without, and garnished with the tasseled pendant; but, within, nothing but hay, or tow, or some such trash, not worth looking on. Where I have found a flood in the tongue, I have often found the heart empty. It is the hollow instrument that sounds loud: and where the

heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal. Certainly, he that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is inconsiderate; and knows not the slides and casualties that hang on man. If he had not an unworthy heart, he would rather stay till the world had found it, than so undecently be his own prolocutor. If thou beest good, thou mayst be sure the world will know thee so; if thou beest bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse; while the actions of thy life confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the good thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thy own worth in drawing it up by so unseemly a bucket as thine own tongue. The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him so. Virtue is built upon herself. Flourishes are for networks; better contextures need not any other additions. Phocion called bragging Laosthenes, the cypress tree; which makes a fair show, but seldom bears any fruit. It is he that is conscious to himself of an inward defect, which, by the brazen bell of his tongue, would make the world believe that he had a church within. Yet, fool that he is! this is the way to make men think the contrary, if it were so. Ostentation after overthrows the action, which was good, and went before; or, at least, it argues that good not done well. He that does good for praise only, fails of the right end. A good work ought to propound he is virtuous; that is so for virtue's sake. To do well is as much applause as a good man labours for. Whatsoever good work thy hand builds, is again pulled down by the folly of a boasting tongue. The blazings of the proud will go out in a stench and smoke: their braggings will convert to shame. He both loseth the good he hath done, and hazardeth for shame with men; for clouds of disdain are commonly raised by the wind of ostentation. He that remembers too much his own virtues, teaches others to object his vices. All are enemies to assuming man. When he would have more than his due, he seldom findeth so much. Whether it be out of jealousy that by promulgating his virtues we vainly think he should rob us of the world's love; or whether we take his exalting himself to be our depression; or whether it be our envy; or that we are angry that he should so undervalue goodness, as despising her approbation he should seek the uncertain warrant of men; or whether it be an instinct instampt in man to dislike them, it is certain no man can endure the puff of a swelling mind. Nay, though the vaunts be true, they do but awaken scoffs; and, instead of a clapping hand, they find a check with scorn. When a soldier bragged too much of a great scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus, if he did not get it when he looked back as he fled. Certainly, when I hear a vaunting

man, I shall think him like a piece that is charged but with powder, which, near hand, gives a greater report than that which hath a bullet in it. If I have done anything well, I will never think the world is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to essential virtue by the hoarse clamour of the blundering rabble. If I have done ill, to boast the contrary, I will think, is like painting an old face, to make it so much more ugly. If it be of anything past, the world will talk of it, though I be silent. If not, it is more noble to neglect fame, than seem to beg it. If it be of aught to come, I am foolish for speaking of that which I am not sure to perform. We disgrace the work of virtue when we go about any way to seduce voices for her approbation." W. G. C.

## LIFE.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows,  
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;  
Think on the sudden change of human scenes,  
Think on the various accidents of war;  
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;  
Think on the Providence that guards the good.

Johnson.

WHEN we are young, (says Johnson,) we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled up with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

There are events in this transitory scene of existence, seasons of joy, or of sorrow, of despair, or of hope, which as they powerfully affect us at the time, serve as epochs to the history of our lives. They may be called the trials of the heart. We treasure them up in our memory, and as time glides silently on they serve to number our days.—Anon.

Disorders of the intellect, (says a modern writer,) occur much more frequently than superficial observers will easily believe. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason; and every such tyranny of fancy is a temporary degree of insanity. He who delights in silent speculations, often indulges, without restraint, the airy visions of the soul, and expatiates in boundless futurity, amusing his desires with impossible enjoyments and conferring upon his pride unattainable dominion. In time, some particular train of ideas absorb the attention; the mind recurs constantly in weariness or leisure to the favourite conception, and the sway of fancy becomes despotic. Delusions then operate as realities; false opinions engross the understanding, and life passes in dreams of pleasure or of misery.

Mankind is made up of inconsistencies,

and no man acts invariably up to his predominant character. The wisest man sometimes acts weakly, and the weakest sometimes wisely. Our jarring passions, our variable humours, nay, our greater or lesser degree of health and spirits, produce such contradictions in our conduct, that, I believe, (says the writer,) those are the oftenest mistaken who ascribe our actions to the most seemingly obvious motives; and I am convinced that a light supper, a good night's rest, and a fine morning, have sometimes made a hero of the same man, who, by an indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.

Human nature cannot support universal indulgence and be happy; the soul unchecked will no more bear happiness than the trees unpruned, good fruit; it runs wild, straggles into long unbearing branches and leaves, and becomes sterile. Without restraint from many things, it is the nature of man to enjoy nothing; we know not the good of what we have but by being denied, in a great measure, what we wish. Something to pursue yet unpossessed, is necessary to keep the mind sweet and pure; it will grow putrid, like large waters, without motion.

P. T. W.

#### CHARITY.

CHARITY is communicated goodness; and, without this, man is no other than a beast, preying for himself alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon charity, than there are that do subsist of themselves. The world, which is chained together by intermingled love, would all shatter and fall to pieces, if charity should chance to die. There are some secrets in it which seem to give it the chair from all the rest of virtues. With knowledge, with valour, with modesty, and so with other particular virtues, a man may be ill with some contrary vice, but with charity we cannot be ill at all: other virtues are restrictive, and looking to a man's self; this takes all the world for its object, and nothing that hath sense but is better for this displayer. There be among the Mahometans, that are so taken with this beauty, that they will with a price redeem incaged birds, to restore them to the liberty of their plumed wing. And they will oftentimes, with cost, feed fishes in the streaming water. But their opinion of deserving by it, makes it a superstitious folly: and in materials they are nothing so zealous. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to God than charity. As all things are filled with his goodness, so the universal is partaker of the good man's spreading love; nay, it is that which gives life to all the race of other virtues; it is that which makes them to appear in act. Wisdom and science are worth nothing unless they be distributive, and declare themselves to the

world: wealth in a miser's hand is useless as a locked-up treasure; it is charity only that makes the riches worth the owning. We may observe when charitable men have ruled the world hath flourished, and enjoyed the blessings of peace and prosperity, the times have been more pleasant and smooth; nor have any princes sat more secure or firm in their thrones, than those that have been clement and benign: as Titus, Trajan, Antonine, and others. And we may observe again, how rugged and how full of bracks those times have been wherein cruel ones have had a power. When the senate in council was frightened at the cry of 7,000 Romans, which Sylla had sent to execution at once, he bid them mind their business, for it was only a few Seditaries, that he had commanded to be slain. No question but there are which delight to see a Rome in flames, and, like a ravished Troy, mocking the absent day with earthly fires, that can linger men to martyrdom, and make them die by piecemeal. Tiberius told one that petitioned to be quickly killed, that he was not yet his friend. And Vitellius would needs see the scrivener die in his presence, for he said he would feed his eyes. But I wonder whence these men have their minds. God, nor man, nor nature, ever made them thus. Sure they borrow it from the wilderness, from the imboasted savage, and from tormenting spirits. When the leg will neither bear the body, nor the stomach disperse his receipt, nor the hand be serviceable to the directing head, the whole must certainly languish and die: so in the body of the world, when members are sullen, and snarl one at another, down falls the frame of all. The world contains nothing, but there is some quality in it which benefits some other creatures. The air yields fowls; the water, fish; the earth fruit; and all these yield something from themselves for the use and behalf, not only of man, but of each other. Surely, he that is right, must not think his charity to one in need, a courtesy, but a debt, which nature at his first being bound him to pay. I would not water a strange ground to leave my own in drought: yet, I think, to everything that hath sense there is a kind of pity owing. Solomon's good man is merciful to his beast; nor take I this only to be intentional, but expressive. God may respect the mind, and will; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my mind be charitable, that God may accept me; let my actions express it, that man may be benefited.—Owen Feltham.

#### The Naturalist.

##### THE RHINOCEROS.

In the *Zoological Magazine*, a Journal commenced with the year 1833, is a paper indu-



triously compiled on the natural history and economy of the Indian rhinoceros; which the compiler opens by observing with some pith of purpose: "If the moderns are able to boast of a more extended knowledge of animated nature than was possessed by the ancients, it must be acknowledged that it is rather the result of their geographical discoveries than the zeal of their governments or commercial companies for its promotion.\*" "And it is humiliating to think that the nations, among which a pure love of science is most widely diffused, still should be debarred the contemplation of those rarer species of quadrupeds inhabiting the old world, which in ancient Rome, were repeatedly exhibited to gratify a tyrant's love of ostentation, and a people's lust for the cruel combats and wholesale slaughter of the Amphitheatre." That the anxiety felt in this country for a better acquaintance with the natural history of the rhinoceros has materially increased within the last twenty years, is beyond doubt: for, when Mr. Cross exhibited his specimen at that period at Exeter 'Change, it attracted few extra visitors, and the worthy proprietor found it by no means an unexpensive addition to his menagerie, without proportionate effect upon his treasury. But, as a gratifying contrast to this apathy, we can state that such is the curiosity excited by the recent arrival at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, that the number of daily visitors has been doubled.

The history of the elephant exemplifies the anomalous fact stated in the *Zoological Magazine*, and the rhinoceros is a still stronger proof of it. This quadruped, inferior only in size to the elephant, though of much more restricted capacity, is peculiar to the Old World; yet, of the five or six distinct species which inhabit Africa and Asia, only one has been exhibited in modern Europe (see note in our last Number); while the knowledge of the rest has been chiefly acquired in our own times.

We find the early history of the rhinoceros concisely stated in the Magazine already quoted. Thus, "the first rhinoceros of which any mention is made in ancient history, was that which appeared at the celebrated festival of Ptolemæus Philadelphus, and which was made to march the last of all the strange animals exhibited at that epoch, as being apparently the most curious and rare. It was brought from Ethiopia. The first which appeared in Europe graced the triumph and games of Pompey. Pliny states that this animal had but one horn, and that number was the most common. Augustus caused two to be slain, together with a hippopotamus, when he triumphed after the

death of Cleopatra: and these, also, are described as having each but one horn. Strabo very exactly describes a one-horned rhinoceros which he saw at Alexandria, and mentions the folds in its skin. But Pausanias gives a detailed account of the position of the two horns, on a species having that number, which he terms the Ethiopian bull. Of this latter kind two appeared at Rome under Domitian, and were engraved on some of the medals of that emperor; these occasioned some of the epigrams of Martial, which modern commentators, from ignorance of the species with two horns, found so much difficulty in comprehending. The emperors Antoninus, Heliogabalus, and Gordian, severally exhibited the rhinoceros: and Cosmus expressly speaks of the Ethiopian species as having two horns: there is abundant evidence, therefore, that the ancients possessed a degree of knowledge respecting these animals, of which the moderns were for a long period destitute."

The exhibition of the one-horned rhinoceros at several periods in Europe has already been referred to, as well as the fact that the two-horned animal has never been brought alive to modern Europe. Its existence was, indeed, only known by vague descriptions of travellers, and specimens of the horns adhering to the skin of the head, which were preserved in different museums. As these specimens were from Africa, and as the first authentic accounts of the living animal of the two-horned species were derived from African travellers, a general notion prevailed that Asia afforded the one-horned species only, and that the two-horned was peculiar to Africa. However, in the year 1793, a species of rhinoceros was discovered in the Isle of Sumatra, having two horns, whose skin, like the African two-horned species, did not exhibit the folds peculiar to the hide of the Indian rhinoceros, and even shown in the young specimen at the Surrey Gardens, as figured in our last Number. The Sumatran species, however, differed from the African rhinoceros in possessing incisive or front teeth, which in the latter are wholly deficient: in this respect the Sumatran resembles the Indian species. The Abyssinian traveller, Bruce, has given a vague account of a two-horned rhinoceros, which he describes as exhibiting the plaiting of the hide peculiar to the Indian species; but, more recent authority states "the rhinoceros of Abyssinia has no folds in the skin, as the one-horned has; its skin is used for shields; its horns for handles to swords and daggers, and according to the Abyssinian Dean, whom Dr. Clarke interrogated at Cairo, as a lining to drinking-vessels, being regarded as an antidote to poison. Its horns have no connexion with the bone of the head, consequently, the opinion of Sparrmann, that they can be raised and depressed at pleasure, may be correct. The fore-

\* Better things may be expected from the formation of the Geographical Society, of whose valuable Journal we have already spoken; and from the Corresponding Committee of the Zoological Society.

most horn is two feet long, and very large in other respects.\*

Mr. Burchell, one of the most accredited of modern travellers, (possessing scientific qualifications of the first order, which render the zoological and botanical portion of his Travels peculiarly valuable,) has since announced the existence in the interior of the southern promontory of Africa, of a rhinoceros double the size of the ordinary Cape species, which, like it, has also two horns, and a skin without hairs or folds, but which differs in having the lips and nose thickened, enlarged, and as if flattened. Thus, there are two, if not three, distinct species of two-horned rhinoceros in Africa, and another distinct species, "doubly armed," is found in Sumatra. Lastly, a second species with one horn has been discovered by Sir T. S. Raffles in Java, the smallest of all the living species, and quite distinct from the Indian one-horned rhinoceros.

The characters which these several species possess in common, and which distinguish them from all other quadrupeds, are one or two horns, placed on the nose, and always in the middle line of the head. They have three toes on each foot, and each toe is inclosed in a thick rounded hoof. Some species possess, while others are deficient in, incisive or front teeth; the canine teeth are wanting in all; the grinding, or cheek teeth, are seven in each jaw on each side. Their relative size to the elephant, the peculiarity of their hide, skin, snout, eyes, ears, lips, and tail, have been already explained. They belong to the order *pachydermata*, or thick-skinned animals and rank between the elephant and hippopotamus; which order also includes swine, to which animals the rhinoceros bears certain points of resemblance already explained.

The one-horned species of India has been most commonly figured. A sketch was taken from the animal sent to Portugal in 1513, which was engraved by Albert Durer, and came afterwards into the possession of Sir Hans Sloane; and to it was attached a German inscription, of which the following ap-

pears in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1744, "as a close translation." "In the year 1513, upon the 1. day of May, there was brought to our king at Lisbon such a living beast from the East Indies that is called *Rhinocerate*: therefore, on account of its wonderfulness, I thought myself obliged to send you the representation of it. It hath the colour of a toad, and is close covered over with thick scales. It is in size like an elephant, but lower, and is the elephant's deadly enemy: it hath on the fore-part of its nose a strong sharp horn; and when this beast comes near the elephant to fight with him, he always first whets his horn upon the stones, and runs at the elephant with his head between his fore-legs; then rips up the elephant where he hath the thinnest skin, and so gores him. The elephant is terribly afraid of the *Rhinocerate*, for he gores him always wherever he meets an elephant, for he is well armed, and is very alert and nimble. This beast is called *Rhinocero* in Greek and Latin, but in Indian, *Gomda*."

As might be expected, the early accounts of the appearance and habits of the rhinoceros contained many inaccuracies, and with a view to their correction, an abstract of the details of one of the specimens already mentioned, will be acceptable.

In 1739, a male rhinoceros was exhibited in Eagle-street, Red Lion Square, and was visited by several scientific gentlemen, among whom was Dr. Parsons, who furnished the Royal Society with the following description. In this account the doctor has no regard to the statements of other authors, but barely describes the rhinoceros as he often saw him at the above-named place.

He was fed here with rice, sugar, and hay: of the first he ate seven pounds mixed with three of sugar every day, divided into three meals; and about a truss of hay in a week, besides greens of different kinds, which were often brought to him, and of which he seemed fonder than of his dry victuals; and drank large quantities of water at a time, being then, it seems, two years old.

He appeared very peaceable in his temper, suffering himself to be handled in any part of his body; but outrageous when struck or hungry, and pacified in either case only by victuals. In his outrage he jumps about, and springs to an incredible height, driving his head against the walls of the place with great fury and quickness, notwithstanding his lumpy aspect: this Dr. P. saw several times, especially in a morning, before his rice and sugar were given to him.

In height he did not exceed a young heifer, but was very broad and thick. His head, in proportion, is very large, having the hinder part next his ears extremely high, in proportion to the rest of his face, which is flat, and sinks down suddenly forward towards

\* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, seventh edition. Bruce, in describing the ravages of the *Tsaltsalya*, Zambou, or fly of Abyssinia, produced by the periodical rains, may be quoted here. Swarms of these flies burst into existence as soon as the fat black earth of the mountains becomes saturated with water. The rhinoceros, whose hide has been considered almost impenetrable to a musket-ball, is severely persecuted by these "clouds of cockroaches," but the huge persecuted animals instinctively fortify themselves against the attack by wallowing in the mud and mire, which when dried by the sun, form a fortress which their enemies are unable to storm. Bruce's story of the ravages of this fly was long ridiculed as unworthy of belief: indeed, it was one of the unfortunate portions of his journal of travels which drew upon him unsparring satire, and led to circumstances that shortened his life. Yet Denham has corroborated Bruce's statement, which has also been confirmed by the testimony of the Abyssinian dean to Dr. Clarke.—See Sir F. B. Head's *Life of Bruce*.

the middle, rising again to the horn, but in a less degree. The horn stands on the nose of the animal, as on a hill. The part of the bone on which the horn is fixed rises into a blunt cone, to answer to a cavity in the basis of the horn, which is very hard and solid, having no manner of hollow nor core, like those of other quadrupeds.

That of this animal, being young, does not rise from its rough base above an inch high, is black and smooth at the top, like those of the ox-kind, but rugged downwards; the determination of its growth is backwards, instead of straight up; which is apparent, as well in the different horns of old rhinoceroses as in this of our present subject; for the distance from the base to the apex of this, backward, is not within a third part so long as that before, and it has a curved direction; and considering the proportion of this animal's size to its horn, we may justly imagine that the creature which bore any one of those great ones must have been a stupendous animal in size and strength; and indeed it would be no wonder if such were untractable at any rate.

If we look at him in a fore view, the whole nose, from the top of the horn to the bottom of his lower lip, seems shaped like a bell, viz. small and narrow at top, with a broad base. His under lip is like that of an ox, but the upper more like that of a horse; using it, as that creature does, to gather the hay from the rack, or gras from the ground; with this difference, that the rhinoceros has a power of stretching it out above six inches to a point, and doubling it round a stick or one's finger, holding it fast; so that, as to that action, it is not unlike the proboscis of an elephant.

His neck is very short, being that part which lies between the back edge of the jaw and the plica of the shoulder; on this part there are two distinct folds, which go quite round it, only the fore one is broken underneath, and has a hollow flap hanging from it, so deep that it would contain a man's fist shut, the concave side being forward. From the middle of the hinder one of these folds or plicæ arises another, which, passing backwards along the neck, is lost before it reaches that which surrounds the fore part of the body. His shoulders are very thick and heavy, and have each another fold downward, that crosses the fore leg; and almost meeting that of the fore part of the body just mentioned, they both double under the belly close behind the fore leg.

In some quadrupeds, the fetlock bends or yields to the weight of the animal; but in this there is no appearance of any such bending, and he seems to stand on stumps, especially if he is viewed behind. He has three hoofs on each foot forwards; but the back part is a large mass of flesh, rough like the rest of his skin, and bears on the sole or

bottom of his foot. This part is plump and callous in the surface, yielding to pressure from the softness of the subjacent flesh. Its shape is like that of a heart, having a blunt apex before, and running backwards in a broad basis. The outline of the bottom of the hoofs is somewhat semicircular.

The tail of this animal is very inconsiderable in proportion to his bulk, not exceeding seventeen or eighteen inches in length, and not very thick; it has a great roughness round it, and a kind of twist or stricture towards the extremity, ending in a fatness, which gave occasion to authors to compare it to a spatula. On the sides of this flat part, a few hairs appear, which are black and strong, but short. There is no other hair on any part of this young rhinoceros, except a very small quantity on the posterior edge of the upper parts of the ears. There is a very particular quality in this creature, of listening to any noise in the streets; for though he were eating or sleeping, he stops suddenly, and lifts up his head with great attention till the noise is over.

The skin of the rhinoceros is thick and impenetrable; in running one's fingers under one of the folds, and holding it with the thumb at the top, it feels like a piece of board half an inch thick. Dr. Grew describes a piece of one of these skins tanned, which, he says, "is wonderfully hard, and of a thickness exceeding that of any other land animal he has seen." It is covered all over more or less with hard incrustations like so many scabs; which are but small on the ridge of the neck and back, but grow larger by degrees downward towards the belly, and are largest on the shoulders and buttocks, and continue pretty large on the legs all along down; but between the folds, the skin is as smooth and soft as silk, and easily penetrated, of a pale flesh-colour, which does not appear to view in the folds, except when the rhinoceros extends them, but is always in view under the fore and hinder parts of the belly, but the middle is incrustated over like the rest of the skin. To call these scabbed roughnesses scales, as some have done, is to raise an idea in us of something regular; which, in many authors is a great inaccuracy, and leads the reader into errors; for there is nothing formal in any of them.

Dr. Parsons then observes: "As to the performance of this animal's several motions, let us consider the great wisdom of the Creator in the contrivance that serves him for that purpose. The skin is entirely impenetrable and inflexible; if, therefore, it was continued all over the creature as the skins of other animals, without any folds, he could not bend any way, and consequently not perform any necessary action; but that suppleness in the skins of all other quadrupeds, which renders them flexible in all parts, is very well compensated in this animal by those folds; for



since it was necessary his skin should be hard for his defence, it was a noble contrivance that the skin should be so soft and smooth underneath, that when he bends himself any way, one part of this board-like skin should slip or shove over the other, and that these several folds should be placed in

such places of his body as might facilitate the performance of every voluntary motion he might be disposed to."

(To be continued.)

394  
 \*\*\* Erratum in the description of the Rhinoceros at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in No. 656 of the Mirror, p. 253, line 33, for "bony case" read bony core.



THE LYRE-BIRD.

THIS splendid bird, the *menura superba* of naturalists, is found in the mountainous districts of New Holland, and is called by the inhabitants "the mountain pheasant." It was first described in the *Linneæan Transactions* under the title of *menura superba*. M. Vieillot, who received from Mr. Sydenham Edwards a drawing of the bird, gave it, in his work on the Birds of Paradise, the name of *Paradisea Parkinsonia*, in honour of J. Parkinson, Esq. of the Leverian Museum through whose courtesy he obtained the drawing. Dr. Shaw adopted this name in describing the bird in his *Miscellany*, but the original title of *menura superba* is that which is now received. In its general form, and especially in its large, elongated nails, which are evidently adapted for scratching up the soil, it approximates to the gallinaceous tribe, to which other naturalists are

inclined to refer it, and its native name of mountain pheasant accords with this classification; but others think the lyre bird, in its plumage and habits, to be still nearer related to a group of ground thrushes, as they are distinctively called. It will occasionally perch upon trees, but, for the most part, is found on the ground, having the manners of our poultry, as is manifest from observing the ends of the claws, which in most specimens are much blunted. Its popular name is, of course, derived from its lyre-shaped tail. Dr. Shaw describes it as having a very fine natural note, and beginning to sing very early in the morning, when gradually ascending some rocky eminence, it scratches up the ground in the manner of some of the pheasant tribe, elevating its tail, and at intervals imitating the notes of every other bird within hearing; and after having con-

tinued this exercise for about two hours, it again descends into the valleys. It is stated to be very shy, and, consequently, not easy to be observed. There is only one species, and the bird is altogether considered rare. Its own notes are rich and melodious, and its imitations of other birds of admirable execution: these powers of melody are the more remarkable, as connected with its size and rasorial habits; for the voice both of the Birds of Paradise and of the gallinaceous tribe is harsh and discordant.

The lyre-bird is about the size of our hen pheasant. It has a stout conico-convex, black bill, and oval nostrils; legs long, black, very strong, formed for walking, and covered with large scales; a long tail, consisting of sixteen loose webbed feathers, the two middle ones narrow, and greatly exceeding the others in length, and the outer one on each side broader and curved at the end; the whole, when elevated, bearing a resemblance to an ancient lyre. The whole length of the bird is upwards of three feet and a-half; the plumage above is brown, the fore part of the neck rufous, and beneath brownish ash. The female, in colour, resembles the male, but is much smaller. The flesh is understood to be of good flavour.

The menura is, probably, a very valuable bird, and it is to be regretted that our information respecting it is by no means ample. It has never been brought alive to Europe; but a preserved specimen, showing its splendid plumage, may be seen in the museum of the Zoological Society, in Bruton-street.

### Notes of a Reader.

#### GEMS.

(From *Sardanapalus*, by Lord Byron.)

#### SARDANAPALUS, ON THE HEROISM OF MYRRHA.

You see, this night  
Made warriors of more than me. I paused  
To look upon her, and her kindled cheek;  
Her large black eyes, that flash'd through her long hair  
As it stream'd o'er her; her blue veins that rose  
Along her most transparent brow; her nostril  
Dilated from its symmetry; her lips  
Apart; her voice that clove through all the din,  
As a lute's pierceth through the cymbal's clash,  
Jarr'd but not drown'd by the loud brattling; her  
Waved arms, more dazzling with their own born whiteness  
Than the steel her hand held, which she caught up  
From a dead soldier's grasp; all these things made  
Her seem unto the troops a prophetic  
Of victory, or Victory herself,  
Come down to hail us hers.

#### SARDANAPALUS TO ZARINA.

My gentle, wrong'd Zarina!  
I am the very slave of circumstance  
And impulse—borne away with every breath!  
Misplaced upon the throne—misplaced in life.  
I know not what I could have been, but feel  
I am not what I should be—let it end.  
But take this with thee: if I was not form'd  
To prize a love like thine, a mind like thine,  
Nor dote even on thy beauty—as I've doted

On lesser charms, for no cause save that such  
Devotion was a duty, and I hated  
All that look'd like a chain for me or others  
(This even rebellion must avouch); yet hear  
These words, perhaps among my last—that none  
E'er valued more thy virtues, though he knew not  
To profit by them—as the miner lights  
Upon a vein of virgin ore, discovering  
That which avails him nothing: he hath found it  
But 'tis not his—but some superior's, who  
Placed him to dig, but not divide the wealth  
Which sparkles at his feet; nor dare he lift  
Nor poise it, but must grovel on upturning  
The sullen earth.

#### SUNRISE.

*Myr.* (at a window.) The day at last has broken.

What a night  
Hath usher'd it! How beautiful in heaven!  
Though varied with a transitory storm,  
More beautiful in that variety!  
How hideous upon earth! where peace and hope,  
And love and revel, in an hour were trampled  
By human passions to a human chaos,  
Not yet resolved to separate elements.—  
'Tis warring still! And can the sun so rise,  
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into  
Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky  
With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains,  
And billows purpler than the ocean's, making  
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth.  
So like we almost deem it permanent;  
So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught  
Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently  
Scatter'd along the eternal vault: and yet  
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,  
And blends itself into the soul, until  
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch  
Of sorrow and of love; which they who mark not  
Know not the realms where those twin genii  
(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,  
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes  
For all the bolsterous joys that ever shook  
The air with clamour), build the palaces  
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe  
Briefly;—but in that brief cool calm inhale  
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear  
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,  
And dream them through in placid sufferance;  
Though seemingly employed like all the rest  
Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks  
Of pain or pleasure, two names for one feeling,  
Which our internal, restless agony  
Would vary in the sound, although the sense  
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy.

*Bal.* You muse right calmly: and can you so watch

The sunrise which may be our last?

*Myr.* It is  
Therefore that I so watch it, and reproach  
Those eyes, which never may behold it more,  
For having look'd upon it oft, too oft,  
Without the reverence and the rapture due  
To that which keeps all earth from being as fragile  
As I am in this form. Come, look upon it,  
The Chaldee's god, which, when I gaze upon,  
I grow almost a convert to your Baal.

*Bal.* As now he reigns in heaven, so ones on earth

He sway'd.  
*Myr.* He sways it now far more, then; never  
Had earthly monarch half the peace and glory  
Which centres in a single ray of his.

*Bal.* Surely he is a god!

*Myr.* So we Greeks deem too;  
And yet I sometimes think that gorgeous orb  
Must rather be the abode of gods than one  
Of the immortal sovereigns. Now he breaks  
Through all the clouds, and fills my eyes with light  
That shuts the world out. I can look no more.

#### SARDANAPALUS, OVER THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER.

Oh, my brother! I would give  
These realms, of which thou wert the ornament,

The sword and shield, the sole-redeeming honour,  
To fall back—But I will not weep for thee;  
Thou shalt be mourn'd for as thou wouldst be  
mourn'd.

It grieves me most that thou couldst quit this life  
Believing that I could survive what thou  
Hast died for—our long royalty of race.  
If I redeem it, I will give thee blood  
Of thousands, tears of millions, for atonement,  
(The tears of all the good are thine already).  
If not, we meet again soon, if the spirit  
Within us lives beyond :—thou readest mine,  
And dost me justice now. Let me once clasp  
That yet warm hand, and fold that throbbless heart  
(Embraces the body).

To this which beats so bitterly.

#### RELATIVE INTRINSIC VALUE OF IRON AND SILVER AND GOLD.

Iron, one of the most important, is also one of the most abundant principles in nature. It is met with occasionally in the metallic state, but most generally it is found mineralized in various ways, and can only be obtained pure by an elaborate process. Iron exists in minute quantities in almost all vegetable and animal products, particularly in the blood; though its mode of combination, as well as its precise use, are quite unknown. Iron may justly be considered as the most useful of all the metals, and the one that has contributed more towards the civilization of mankind than any other. To form some idea of its use, we have only to reflect what would happen if it were annihilated. What substitute could be found for it in all the numerous instances in which it contributes to the wants or to the comforts of mankind; particularly through the medium of tools, of almost every one of which it constitutes the essential material. In short, when we contemplate all the circumstances connected with this metal—its abundance, the manner in which it is mineralized, and the occasion which it thus gives to human ingenuity to extract it from its ores; its wholesomeness (for many of the metals are poisonous); its properties, particularly its extraordinary tenacity; its strength, its property of welding, of being converted into steel, and in this form, of being tempered to any degree of hardness we choose; its magnetic properties, &c.—when we contemplate all these circumstances, it is impossible not to be struck with such varied usefulness, and to consider iron not only as an article evidently designed for the benefit of man, but as the instrument by which he should conquer and govern the world; and thus be enabled to place himself, where it was evidently intended he should be, at the head of the creation.

*Silver and Gold* are both met with in the metallic state, but silver also occurs mineralized. So unimportant a part do they seem to perform in the economy of nature, that if they were annihilated, it is probable that the world would go on just as well with-

out them. How different in these respects from iron, and how much less, therefore, intrinsically valuable! Independently of their beauty, the only really valuable properties of silver and gold are the difficulty with which they are acted on by heat and other extraneous agents, properties, which if they were more abundant, would render them well adapted for a great many useful purposes.—*Proust's Bridgewater Treatise.*

#### ROMAN BANKERS.

MR. GILBART in his *History and Principles of Banking*, just published, gives the following particulars relating to Roman banking.

At Rome, the bankers were called *Argentarii*, *Mensarii*, *Nummularii*, or *Collybiæ*. The banking houses or banks were called *Tabernæ Argentariæ*, or *Mensæ Nummulariæ*. Some of these bankers were appointed by the government to receive the taxes; others carried on business on their own account. Their mode of transacting business was somewhat similar to that which is in use in modern times. Into these houses the state or the men of wealth caused their revenues to be paid, and they settled their accounts with their creditors by giving a draft or check on the bank. If the creditor also had an account at the same bank, the account was settled by an order to make the transfer of so much money from one name to another. To assign over money or to pay money by a draft, was called *perscribere* and *rescribere*; the assignment or draft was called *attributio*. These bankers were money-changers. They also lent money on interest, and allowed a lower rate of interest on money deposited in their hands.

In a country where commerce was looked upon with contempt, banking could not be deemed very respectable. Among most of the ancient agricultural nations, there was a prejudice against the taking of interest for the loan of money. Hence the private bankers at Rome were sometimes held in disrepute, though those whom the Government had established as public cashiers, or receivers general, as we may term them, held so exalted a rank that some of them became consuls.

The Romans had also loan banks, from which the poor citizens received loans without paying interest. We are told that the confiscated property of criminals was converted into a fund by Augustus Cæsar, and that from this fund sums of money were lent without interest to those citizens who could pledge value to double the amount. The same system was pursued by Tiberius. He advanced a large capital which was lent for a term of two or three years to those who could give landed security to double the value of the loan. Alexander Severus reduced the market rate of interest by lending sums of money at a low

rate, and by advancing money to poor citizens to purchase lands, and agreeing to receive payment from the produce.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

STRANGE STORY.

THE following strange story, somewhat in the style of "Sindbad the Sailor," was related to Jehangire\* by a native of Arabia. The emperor observing that a stranger who had been presented at his court had only one arm, the other having been lost close to the shoulder, asked him whether he had been born without the limb, or had been deprived of it in battle. The Arabian appeared embarrassed by the question, and answered that the circumstances attending the calamity which had befallen him, were of so extraordinary a nature that he feared to mention them; lest he should be thereby exposed to ridicule. Upon being further importuned by the emperor, however, he stated, that when he was about the age of fifteen, he happened to accompany his father on a voyage to India. At the expiration of sixty days, after having wandered over the ocean in different directions, they encountered a terrific storm, which continued three days, and left their vessel almost a ruin on the waters. Just as it was near foundering, they came in sight of a lofty mountain, which they eventually discovered to be an island in the possession of the Portuguese. Upon nearing the shore they were boarded by two Portuguese officers, who directed the ship's company, passengers and all, to be forthwith landed, stating that their object was to discover among them a person suited to a particular, but unexplained purpose, whom they must detain; the others should be dismissed in safety. The passengers and crew having been successively stripped naked, and minutely examined by physicians, were all sent about their business, with the exception of the Arabian and his brother, both of whom were placed in close confinement, and detained after the departure of the ship, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of their father. The Arabian proceeds:

"The same medical person, on whose report we were detained, now came with ten other Franks to the chamber where my brother was confined, and again stripping him naked, they laid him on his back on a table, where he was exposed to the same manual operation as before. They then left him and came to me; and stretching me out on a board in the same manner, again examined my body in every part as before. Again they returned to my brother; for from the situation of our prisons, the doors being exactly opposite, I could distinctly observe all that passed. They sent for a large bowl and

a knife, and placing my brother with his head over the bowl, and his cries and supplications all in vain, they struck him over the mouth, and with the knife actually severed his head from the body, both the head and his blood being received in the bowl. When the bleeding had ceased, they took away the bowl of blood, which they immediately poured into a pot of boiling oil brought for the purpose, stirring the whole together with a ladle, until both blood and oil became completely amalgamated. Will it be believed, that after this they took the head, and again fixing it exactly to the body, they continued to rub the adjoining parts with the mixture of blood and oil until the whole had been applied! They left my brother in this state, closed the door, and went their way.

"At the expiration of three days from this, they sent for me from my place of confinement, and telling me that they had obtained, at my brother's expense, all that was necessary to their purpose, they pointed out to me the entrance to a place under ground, which they said was the repository of gold and jewels to an incalculable amount. Thither they informed me I was to descend, and that I might bring away for myself as much of the contents as I had strength to carry. At first I refused all belief to their assertions, conceiving that doubtless they were about to send me where I was to be exposed to some tremendous trial; but as their importunities were too well enforced, I had no alternative but submission.

"I entered the opening which led to the passage, and having descended a flight of stairs, about fifty steps, I discovered four separate chambers. In the first chamber, to my utter surprise, I beheld my brother, apparently restored to perfect health. He wore the dress and habiliments of the Ferengues (Portuguese), had on his head a cap of the same people, profusely ornamented with pearl and precious stones, a sword set with diamonds by his side, and a staff similarly enriched under his arm. My surprise was not diminished when, the moment he observed me, I saw him turn away from me, as if under feelings of the utmost disgust and disdain. I became so alarmed at a reception so strange and unaccountable, that although I saw that it was my own brother, the very marrow in my bones seemed to have been turned into cold water. I ventured, however, to look into the second chamber, and there I beheld heaps upon heaps of diamonds and rubies, and pearls and emeralds, and every other description of precious stones, thrown one on the other in astonishing profusion. The third chamber into which I looked contained, in similar heaps, an immense profusion of gold; and the fourth chamber was strewn middle deep with silver.

"I had some difficulty in determining to

\* One of the Mogul emperors, and son of Akbar, whom he succeeded in 1605.

which of these glittering deposits I should give the preference. At last I recollected that a single diamond was of greater value than all the gold I could gather into my robe, and I accordingly decided on tucking up my skirts, and filling them with jewels. I put out my hand in order to take up some of these glittering articles, when from some invisible agent, perhaps it was the effect of some overpowering effluvia, I received a blow so stunning, that I found it impossible to stand in the place any longer. In my retreat it was necessary to pass the chamber in which I had seen my brother. The instant he perceived me about to pass, he drew his sword, and made a furious cut at me. I endeavoured to avoid the stroke by suddenly starting aside, but in vain; the blow took effect, and my right arm dropped from the shoulder-joint. Thus wounded and bleeding, I rushed from this deposit of treasure and horror, and at the entrance above, found the physician and his associates, who had so mysteriously determined the destiny of my unhappy brother. Some of them went below and brought away my mutilated arm; and having closed up the entrance with stone and mortar, conducted me, together with my arm, all bleeding as I was, to the presence of the Portuguese governor; men and women and children flocking to the doors to behold the extraordinary spectacle.

"The wound in my shoulder continued to bleed; but having received from the governor a compensation of three thousand tomanas, a horse with jewelled caparisons, a number of beautiful female slaves, and many males, with the promise of future favours in reserve, the Portuguese physician was ordered to send for me; and applying some styptic preparation to the wound, it quickly healed, and so perfectly, that it might be said I was thus armless from my birth. I was then dismissed, and having shortly afterwards obtained a passage in another ship, in about a month from my departure reached the port for which I was destined."

#### WEALTH OF INDIA.

WHEN the province of Berar, in the Deccan, was surrendered to the authority of the Emperor Jehangire, he assures us, that as a symbol of submission, there were sent to him a train of elephants, four hundred in number, each elephant furnished with caparisons, chains, collars, and bells, all of gold, and each laden besides with gold to the value of nearly 9,000*l.* of our money! No doubt, however, can be entertained that the wealth of Jehangire was prodigious. He gives a glowing description of a magnificent mausoleum, which was erected by his orders at Secundera, in honour of his imperial father, Akbar. From the account given by the late lamented Heber of this gorgeous pile, it

would appear that the sum asserted by the author to have been expended upon it (about 1,800,000*l.*) is not exaggerated. The principal building consists of a tower of polished marble, erected on four lofty arches, terminating in a circular dome, and inlaid with gold and lapis lazuli, from roof to basement. The whole is surrounded by a splendid colonnade, and by gardens planted with cypresses and other trees, and decorated by numerous fountains. The mausoleum has been taken under British protection; and is certainly one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in India. In point of splendour, however, it can hardly be compared to the palace which Jehangire caused to be constructed for himself at Agra. He describes the principal saloon of this edifice as supported by twenty-five pillars, all covered with plates of gold, and all over inlaid with rubies, turquoises, and pearl; the roof on the outside is formed into the shape of a dome, and is also covered with squares of solid gold; the ceiling of the dome within being decorated with the most elaborate figures, of the richest materials and most exquisite workmanship! When to these ornaments we add a movable platform of gold, upon which from one thousand to five thousand of the chief officers of the court and nobility took their places on occasions of ceremony, and also a movable partition of lattice-work, all of gold, both of which articles formed a part of the emperor's equipage wherever he went, we fear that we shall startle the reader's credulity, especially as the author calculates the weight of the precious metal, composing these two pieces of state furniture, at no less than forty-two tons.

*Quarterly Review.*

#### The Public Journals.

"NO HAND IN IT."—A BERMUDA YARN.

(From Jacob Faithful.)

It was when the ship was lying at anchor in Bermuda harbour, that the purser sent a breaker of spirits on shore, to be taken up to some lady's house, whom he was very anxious to splice, and I suppose he found that a glass of grog helped the matter. Now there were about twenty of the men who had liberty to go on shore to stretch their limbs—little else could they do, poor fellows for the first lieutenant looked sharp after their kits, to see that they did not sell any of their rigging; and as for money, we had been five years without touching a farthing of pay, and I don't suppose there was a matter of three-pence among the men before the mast. However, liberty's liberty, a'ter all; and if they couldn't go ashore and get glorious, rather than not go on shore at all—they went ashore, and kept sober per force. I do think, myself, its a very bad thing to keep the sea-



men without a farthing for so long—for you see a man who will be very honest with a few shillings in his pocket, is often tempted to help himself, just for the sake of getting a glass or two of grog, and the temptation's very great, that's sartin, 'ticularly in a hot climate, when the sun scorches you, and the very ground itself is so heated, that you can hardly bear the naked foot to it. But to go on. The yawl was ordered on shore for the liberty men, and the purser gives this breaker which was at least half full, and I dare say there might be three gallons in it, under my charge, as coxswain, to deliver to madam at the house. Well, as soon as we landed, I shouldered the breaker, and starts with it up the hill.

"What have you there, Tom?" said Bill Short.

"What I wish I could share with you, Bill," says I; "it's some of old Nipcheese's *eighths*, that he has sent on shore to bowse his jib up with, with his sweetheart."

"I've seen the madam," said Holmes to me—for you see all the liberty men were walking up the hill at the same time—"and I'd rather make love to the breaker than to her. She's as fat as an ox, as broad as she's long, built like a Dutch schuyt, and as yellow as a nabob."

"But old Tumplings knows what he's about," said a Scotch lad, of the name of M'Alpine; "they say she has lots of gold dust, more ducks and inguions, and more inches of water in her tank, than any one on the island."

You see, boys, Bermuda be a queer sort of place, and water very scarce, all they get there is a God-send, as it comes from heaven; and they look sharp out for the rain, which is collected in large tanks, and an inch or two more of water in the tank is considered a great catch. I've often heard the ladies there talking after a shower:—

"Good morning, marm. How you do dis fine morning?"

"Pretty well, I tank you, marm. Charming shower hab last night."

"Yes, so all say, but me not very lucky. Cloud not come over my tank. How many inches you get last night, marm."

"I get good seven inches, and I tink a little bit more, which make me very happy."

"Me no so lucky, marm; so help me God, me only get four inches, and dat noting."

Well, but I've been yawing again, so now to keep my curse. As soon as I came to the house I knocked at the door, and a little black girl opens the jalousies, and put her finger to her thick lips.

"No make noise; missy sleep."

"Where am I to put this?"

"Put down there; by-and-by I come fetch it;" and then she closed the jalousies, for fear her mistress should be woke up, and she

get a hiding, poor devil. So I puts the breaker down at the door, and walks back to the boat again. Now you see these liberty men were all by when I spoke to the girl, and seeing the liquor left with no one to guard it, the temptation was too strong for them. So they looked all about them, and then at one another, and caught one another's meaning by the eye; but they said nothing. "I'll have no hand in it," at last says one, and walked away. "Nor I," said another, and he walked away too. At last all of them walked away except eight, and then Bill Short walks up to the breaker, and says, "I won't have no *hand* in it either;" but he gave the breaker a kick, which rolls it away two or three yards from the door.

"Nor more will I," said Holmes, giving the breaker another kick, which rolled it out in the road. So they all went on, without having a hand in it, sure enough, till they had kicked the breaker down the hill to the beach. Then they were at a dead stand, as no one would spile the breaker. At last a black carpenter came by, and they offered him a glass, if he would bore a hole with his gimlet, for they were determined to be able to swear, every one of them, that they had *no hand in it*. Well, as soon as the hole was bored, one of them borrowed a couple of little mugs from a black woman, who sold beer, and then they let it run, shoving one mug under as soon as the other was full, and drinking as fast as they could. Before they had half finished, more of the liberty men came down; I suppose they scented the good stuff from above, as a shark does anything in the water, and they soon made a finish of it; and when it was all finished, they were all drunk, and made sail for a cruise, that they might not be found too near the empty breaker. Well, a little before sunset, I was sent on shore with the boat to fetch off the liberty men, and the purser takes this opportunity of going ashore to see his madam, and the first thing he falls athwart of, is his own empty breaker.

"How's this?" says he, "didn't you take this breaker up as I ordered you?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, "I did, and gave it in charge to the little black thing; but madam was asleep, and the girl would not allow me to put it inside the door." At that he began to storm, and swore that he'd find out the malefactors, as he termed the liberty men, who had emptied his breaker, and away he went to the house. As soon as he was gone we got hold of the breaker, and made a *bull* of it.

"How did you manage that?" inquired I.

"Why, Jacob, a *bull* means putting a quart or two of water into a cask which has had spirits in it; and what with the little that may be left, and what has soaked in the wood, if you roll it and shake it well, it gene-

nally turns out pretty fair grog. At all events it's always better than nothing."

It was a long while before we could pick up the liberty men, who were reeling about every corner of the town, and quite dark before I came on board. The first lieutenant was on deck, and had no occasion to ask me why I waited so long, when he found they were all lying in the stern sheets. "Where the devil could they have picked up the liquor?" said he, and then he ordered the master-at-arms to keep them under the half-deck till they were sober. The next morning the purser comes off, and makes his complaint on the quarter-deck, as how somebody had stolen his liquor. The first lieutenant reports to the captain, and the captain orders up all the men who came off tipsy.

"Which of you took the liquor?" said he. They all swore they had no hand in it. "Then how did you all get tipsy? Come now, Mr. Short, answer me, you came off beastly drunk—who gave you the liquor?"

"A black fellow, sir," replied Short; which was true enough, as the mugs were filled by the black carpenter, and handed by him.

"Well, they all swore the same, and then the captain got into a rage, and ordered them all to be put down on the report. The next day the hands were turned up for punishment, and the captain said,

"Now, my lads, if you won't tell who stole the purser's grog, I will flog you all round. I only want to flog those who committed the theft, for it is too much to expect of seamen that they would refuse a glass of grog when offered to them."

Now, Short and the others had had a party together, and had agreed how to act; they knew the captain could not bear flogging, and was a very kind-hearted man. So Bill Short steps out, and says, touching his forelock, to the captain,

"If you please, sir, if all must be flogged, if nobody will peach, I think it better to tell the truth at once. It was I who took the liquor."

"Very well, then, said the captain—strip, sir." So Bill Short pulls off his shirt, and is seized up. "Boatswain's mate," said the captain, "give him a dozen."

"Beg your honour's pardon," said Jack Holmes, stepping out of the row of men brought out for punishment; "but I can't bear to see an innocent man punished, and since one must be flogged, it must be the right one. It wasn't Bill Short that took the liquor, it was I."

"Why, how's this?" said the captain, "didn't you own that you took the liquor, Mr. Short?"

"Why, yes, I did say so, 'cause I didn't wish to see *every body* flogged—but the truth's the truth, and I had no hand in it."

"Cast him loose,—Holmes, you'll strip, sir." Holmes stripped and was tied up. "Give him a dozen," said the captain; when out steps M'Alpine, and swore it was him, and not Holmes; and axed leave to be flogged in his stead. At which the captain bit his lips to prevent laughing, and then they knew all was right. So another came forward, and says it was him, and not M'Alpine; and another contradicts him again, and so on. At last the captain says, "One would think flogging was a very pleasant affair, you are all so eager to be tied up; but, however, I shan't flog, to please you. I shall find out who was the real culprit, and punish him severely. In the mean time, you keep them all on the report, Mr. P——," speaking to the first lieutenant. "Depend upon it, I'll not let you off, although I do not choose to flog innocent men." So they piped down, and the first lieutenant, who knew that the captain never meant to take any more notice of it, never made no inquiries, and the thing blew over. One day, a month or two after, I told the officers how it all was managed, and they laughed heartily.

*Metropolitan.*

### The Gatherer.

*Fattening a Queen.*—Mr. Holman, in his *Voyage round the World*, says: "The favourite queen of Duke Ephraim, of old Calabar, was so large that she could scarcely walk, or even move; indeed, they were all prodigiously large, their beauty consisting more in the mass of physique, than in the symmetry of face or figure. This uniform tendency to *en bon point*, on an unusual scale, was accounted for by the singular fact, that the female on whom his Majesty fixes his regards, is regularly fattened up to a certain standard, previously to the nuptial ceremony, it appearing to be essential to the queenly dignity that the lady should be fat. We saw a very fine young woman undergoing this ordeal. She was sitting at a table with a large bowl of farinaceous food, which she was swallowing as fast as she could pass the spoon to and from the bowl and her mouth."

*Sleep-Walking.*—A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bourdeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines, and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and

performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall takes notice of a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual avocations at the mill, then returning to bed: on awaking in the morning, he recollected nothing of what passed during night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep; yet continued to march along with their comrades.—*Macnish.*

#### An Alderman's Thumb-ring.

"I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring."

An alderman's thumb-ring is mentioned (*says Stevenson*) by Beowulf in the *Antipodes*, 1638; which was acted with great applause at Salisbury-court, Fleet-street: also in the *Northern Lass*, which was acted at the Globe, and Black Friars, 1603, viz. "A good man in the City wears nothing rich about him, but the gout or a thumb-ring." Again, in *Wit is a Constable*, 1640, viz. "No more wit than the rest of the Bench: what lies in his thumb-ring." The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

"—upon his thumb he had of gold a ring."

P. T. W.

#### Commemoration of Handel, 50 years since.\*

—The grand Musical Festival, held in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, in commemoration of Handel's unparalleled genius, had its origin in an after-dinner's conversation at the house of the late Mr. Harrison, the celebrated tenor vocalist, then living at No. 19, in Percy-street, Rathbone-place; and was first suggested by Bartleman, whose fine bass voice and finished style of intoning the melodies of the old school, will long be remembered.

Except the *Dedication of the Temple*, in which, according to Josephus, 300,000 musicians were engaged, the *Commemoration* was the greatest performance that was ever

heard. The band amounted to 482 in number: there were forty-nine first violins, fifty-two second violins, thirty-two tenors, twelve oboes, fourteen second oboes, seven flutes, thirty violoncellos, twenty-five bassoons, one double bassoon, eighteen double-basses, fourteen trumpets, three trombones, twelve horns, four drums, one double-drum; and, of vocal performers, twenty-two cantos, fifty-one altos, sixty-six tenors, sixty-nine basses. The receipts were, for the five commemorations:

	£.	s.	d.
First day, May 26, 1784, at Westminster Abbey	2,966	5	0
Second ditto, at the Pantheon	1,090	10	0
Third ditto, in the Abbey	2,026	1	0
Fourth ditto, ditto	1,603	7	0
Fifth ditto, ditto	2,117	17	0
At three several rehearsals in both places	944	17	10
His majesty's donation	825	0	0
Sale of the books	262	15	0
	£12,736	12	10

#### Disbursements.

Mr. Wyatt, for the buildings in the Abbey and Pantheon	1,969	12	0
Mr. Ashley, for payment of the band, rent and illumination of the Pantheon	1,976	17	0
Advertising in town and country	156	16	0
Printing books of the words	295	12	0
Door-keepers	108	1	0
Use of the organ	108	0	0
High and petty constables	100	5	0
Gratifications	167	5	0
Engraving checks, striking medals, drawings, guards, porters, and sundry incidents	351	2	10
To the Society for Deaf and Dumb Musicians	6,000	0	0
To the Westminster Hospital	1,000	0	0
In the hands of the treasurer, to answer subsequent disbursements	296	6	6

Whole of the disbursements £12,736 12 10

The effect of this vast assemblage of vocal and instrumental performers was unprecedented in modern times. While some of the auditory were melted and enraptured by the exquisite sweetness of the solos, especially those of Mara, the power of the choral combinations affected others to tears, and even to fainting. When the whole chorus from each side of the stupendous orchestra, joined by all the instruments, burst out "He is the King of Glory," the effect was so overpowering, that the performers could scarcely proceed.

#### To what gulf

A single deviation from the track  
Of human duties leads even those who claim  
The homage of mankind as their born due,  
And find it, till they forfeit it themselves!—Byron.

#### In the hour

Of man's adversity all things grow daring  
Against the falling.—Byron.

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\* For an outline of the preparations and performances on this memorable occasion, see *Mirror*, vol. III. p. 213.